

THE EVANSVILLE JOURNAL.

BY W. H. CHANDLER.]

THE UNION OF THE WHIGS—FOR THE SAKE OF THE UNION.

[WATER STREET, FOUR DOORS FROM MAIN.]

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NO. 2.

THE DEVOTED WIFE.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

She was a beautiful girl. When I first saw her, she was standing by the side of her lover at the marriage altar. She was slightly pale—yet ever and anon as the ceremony proceeded a faint tinge of crimson crossed her cheek, like the reflection of a sunset cloud upon the clear waters of a lake. Her lover as he clasped her hand with his own, gazed on her face a moment with unmingled admiration, and the warm eloquent blood shadowed at intervals his manly forehead, and melted into beauty on his lips.

And they gave themselves to one another in the presence of heaven, and every heart blessed them as they went on their way rejoicing in their love.

Years passed on, and I saw those lovers. They were seated together where the light of summer's sunset stole through the half closed and crimson curtains, lending a richer tint to the carpeting, and the exquisite embellishments of the rich and glorious apartment.

Time has slightly changed them in outward appearance. The girlish buoyancy of the one had indeed given place to the grace of perfect womanhood, and her lips were somewhat paler, and a faint line of care was perceptible on her brow. Her husband's brow, too, was marked somewhat more deeply than his age might warrant; anxiety, ambition and pride had grown over, and left their traces upon it; a silver hair mingled with the dark of his hair, almost to indistinguish. He was reclining on a splendid ottoman, with his face half hidden by his hand, as if he feared that the thoughts which oppressed him were visible upon his features.

"Edward, you are ill to-night," said his wife, in a low, sweet, half inquiring voice as she laid her hand upon his own.

Indifference from those we love is terrible to the sensitive bosom. It is as if the sun of heaven refused its wonted cheerfulness, and glared upon us with a cold, dim and forbidding glance. It is dreadful to feel that the being of our love refuses to ask our sympathy—that he broods over the feelings which he scorns or fears to reveal—dreadful to which the conclusive features and gloomy brow—the indelible shadows of hidden sorrow—the involuntary sight of sorrow in which we are forbidden to participate, whose character we cannot know.

The wife essayed once more. "Edward," said she slowly, mildly and affectionately, "the time has been when you were willing to confide your secret joys and sorrows to me, when you were willing to share my confidence. Why, then, my dear Edward, is this cruel reserve? You are troubled, and refuse to tell me the cause."

Something of returning tenderness softened for an instant the cold severity of the husband's features, but it passed away, and a bitter smile was his only reply.

Time passed on, and the wain were separated from each other. The husband sat gloomy and alone in the damp cell of a dungeon. He had mingled with the men whom his heart loathed, he had sought the fierce and wronged spirits of his land, and had heathened into them the madness of revenge. He had drawn his sword against his country; he had fanned rebellion to a flame, and it had been quenched in human blood. He had fallen, and was doomed to die the death of a traitor.

The door of the dungeon opened, and a light form entered and threw herself into his arms. The sufficed light of sunset fell upon the pale brow and wasted cheek of his once beautiful wife.

"Edward—my dear Edward," said she, "I have come to save you. I have reached you after a thousand difficulties, and I thank God my purpose is nearly executed."

Misfortune had softened the proud heart of manhood, and as the husband pressed his wife to his bosom, a tear trembled on his eyelash. "I have not merited this kindness," he murmured, in the choked tones of agony.

"Edward," said his wife, in an earnest, but faint and low voice, which indicated extreme and fearful debility, "we have not a moment to lose. By an exchange of garments you will be able to pass out unnoticed. Haste, or we may be too late. Fear nothing for me. I am a woman, and they will not injure me for any efforts in behalf of a husband dearer than life itself.

"But Margaret," said the husband, "you look badly ill. You cannot breathe the air of this dreadful cell."

"O speak not of me, dearest Edward," said the devoted woman, "I can endure any thing for your sake. Haste, Edward, haste, and all will be well," and she aided, with trembling hand, to disguise the proud form of her husband in female garb.

"Farewell, my love, my preserver," whispered the husband in the ear of his disguised wife, as the officer reminded the supposed lady the time allotted for her visit had expired. "Farewell we shall meet again," responded his wife—and the husband passed out unsuspected, and escaped the enemies of his life.

They did meet again—the wife and the husband, but only as the dead may meet in the awful communion of another world. Affection had borne up her exhausted spirit until the last purpose of her exertions was accomplished in the safety of her husband; and when the bell tolled on the morrow, and the prisoners cell was opened, the guards, found wrapped in the habiliments of their destined victim, the pale but beautiful corpse of a wife.

"Did you ever know a man who did not think he could poke the fire better than you could?"

The following sketch, although our readers may have seen it before, is worth a second glance. It is graphic, and true to the life.

AN ORIGINAL CHARACTER.

Whoever travels through any of the New England states and twigs, as he journeys the eccentricities of some of the natives, cannot but be amused; and may derive many new ideas in respect to etymology and diversity of character.

Some years since an acquaintance of ours set out on horseback for the eastern part of Massachusetts, from the Green Mountains, Vermont. While travelling through the town of New Salem, his road led into a piece of woods some five miles in length, and long before he got out of which he began to entertain doubts whether he should be blest with the sight of human habitation, but as all things must have an end, so at last the woods, and the old brown house of a farmer, greeted his vision. Next the road was a tall, raw-boned, overgrown, lantern-jawed boy, probably seventeen years of age, digging potatoes. He was a curious figure to behold. What was lacking in the length of his torso, his suspenders made up for behind; his suspenders appeared to be composed of blue-bark, grape vine and aspen bark; and as for his hat which was of dingy white felt—poor thing, had once evidently seen better days, but now, alas! it was only the shadow of its glory. Whether the tempest of time had beaten the top in, or the lad's expanding genius had burnt it out, was difficult to tell; at any rate, it was missing—and through the aperture red hairs stood six ways for Sunday. In short he was one of the roughest specimens of domestic manufacture that ever mortal beheld. Our traveling friend, feeling an itching to scrape acquaintance with the critter, drew up the reins of his horse and began:

"Hallo my good friend, can you inform me how far it is to the next house?"

"He started up—leaned on his hoe handle—crossed his foot on the gumble of his suspenders, and replied—

"Hallo yourself, how'd dew. Well I jest own. Taint near so far as it used to be afore they cut the woods away—then 'twas generally reckoned four miles, but now the sun shines up the road and don't make more'n a tow. The first house you come to, though, is a barn, and the next is a laystack; but old Hossin's house is on beyond. You'll be sure to meet his gals long afore you get there; taint nuptial critters, they plague our folks more'n little. His sheep gals in our pasture every day and his gals in our orchard. Dad was a-planting the sheep and now after the gals, and the way we make the wool and the petticoats fly, is a sin to snakes."

"I see you are inclined to be facetious, young man—pray tell me how it happens that one of your legs is shorter than the other?"

"I never 'lows any body to meddle with my grass tangles, mister; but seem' it is you I'll tell you. I was born so at my tickler request, so that when I hold a plough, I can go with one foot in the furrow, and another on land, and not lop over; besides, it is very convenient when I mow round a side hill."

"Very good indeed—how do your potatoes come on this year?"

"They don't come on at all; I digs 'em out; and there's an everlasting aural of 'em in each hill."

"But they are small, I perceive."

"Yes, I know it—you see we planted some whoopin' blue noses over in that 'ere patch there, and they flourished so all firstly that these 'ere spots growin' just out of spite; 'cause they know'd they couldn't begin to keep up."

"You appear to be pretty smart, and I should think you could afford a better hat than the one you wear."

"The looks aint nothin'; it's all the behavior. This 'ere hat was my religious Sunday-go-meetin' hat, and is just as clock full of piety as a dog is full of fleas. I've got a better one to hum, but I don't dig taters in it no how."

"You have been in these parts some time I should guess."

"I guess so low. I was borned and got my bro'n up in that 'ere house; but my native place is down in Portland."

"Then you said that it is about three and a half miles to the next house?"

"Yes sir; 'twas a spel ago, and I don't believe its grow'd much shorter since."

"Much obliged. Good by."

"Good by to ye—that's a darn slick horse of yours."

There reader—there is a Jonathan for you of the first water. You don't find his equal everywhere.

A CANDID LOCOFOCO CONFESSION.

The Pennsylvania Union, the leading Locofoco paper at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, makes the following very candid confession:—

"The recent elections have demonstrated that unless the democratic party of the Union takes some immediate steps towards reconciling the clashing interests that are rapidly disorganizing it, the contest of 1844 will be as disastrous as that of 1840. Our own disensions are fast accomplishing what the most vigorous efforts of our opponents could not effect. We are in fact literally destroying ourselves—falling a prey to our passions—sacrificing our principles to our selfishness, and endangering our success by a pertinacious adherence to men. This must be arrested. We must all yield—all compromise; or we are gone, irretrievably, hopelessly gone. It is madness to postpone the settlement of our differences until May '44. If they are not adjusted before that period, they will be past remedy. The democratic party cannot survive the intestine feuds that are convulsing it, six months."

From the Shades of the Rhine by Dumas. NAPOLEON—GOING TO WATERLOO.

We saw two carriages approaching, galloping each with six horses. They disappeared for an instant in a valley, then rose again at a quarter of a league's distance from us. Then we set off running towards the town, crying L'Empereur, L'Empereur. We arrived breathless, and only preceding the Emperor by some five hundred paces. I thought he would not stop, whatever might be the crowd awaiting him, and so made for the post house when I sank down half dead with the running; but at any rate I was there. In a moment appeared, turning the corner of the street, the foaming horses; then the positions all covered with ribbon; then the carriages themselves; then the people following the carriages. The carriages stopped at the post. I saw Napoleon! He was dressed in a green coat with little epaulettes, and wore the officers' cross of the legion of honor. I only saw his bust framed in the square of the carriage window. His head fell upon his chest—that famous medallion head of the old Roman Emperors. His forehead fell forward; his features, impenetrable, were of the yellowish color of wax, only his eyes appeared to be alive. Next to him, on his left, was Prince Jerome, a king without a kingdom, but a faithful brother. He was at that period a fine young man of six and twenty or thirty years of age, his features regular and well formed, his beard black, his hair elegantly arranged. He saluted in the place of his brother whose vague glance seemed lost in the future—perhaps in the past. Opposite the emperor was Letort, his aide-de-camp, an ardent soldier who seemed already to snuff the air of battle; he was smiling too, the poor fellow, as if he had long days to live! All this lasted about a minute. Then the whip cracked, the horses neighed, and it all disappeared like a vision.

RETURNING FROM WATERLOO.

Three days afterwards, towards evening, some people arrived from St. Quentin; they said as they came away they had heard cannon. The morning of the seventeenth, a courier arrived, who scattered all along the news of the victory. The eighteenth, nothing. The nineteenth nothing—only vague rumors were abroad, coming no one knew whence. It was said that the Emperor was at Brussels. The 20th, three men in ragged, two wounded, and riding jaded horses all covered with foam, entered the town, and were instantly surrounded by the whole population, and pushed into the courtyard of the town-houses. These men hardly spoke French. They were, I believe, Westphalians, belonging somehow to our army. They, and ended by confessing that they had quitted the field of battle of Waterloo at eight o'clock, and that the battle was lost when they came away. It was the advanced guard of the fugitives. We would not believe them. We said those men are Prussian spies. Napoleon could not be beaten. The fine army which we had seen pass could not be destroyed. We wanted to put the poor fellows into prison; so quickly had we forgotten '13 and '14, to remember only the years which had gone before! My mother ran to the fort, where she passed the whole day, whatever it were. During this time I looked out in the maps for Waterloo, the name of which I even could not find, and began to think the place was imaginary, as was the men's account of the battle. At four o'clock, more fugitives arrived, who confirmed the news of the first comers. These were French and could give all the details which we asked for. They repeated what the others had said, only adding that Napoleon and his brother were killed. This we would not believe; Napoleon might not be invincible, invulnerable he certainly was. Fresh news more terrible and disastrous continued to come in until ten o'clock at night. At ten o'clock, it stopped, and the postmaster went out with a light. We followed him, as he ran to the door to ask for news. Then he started a step back and cried, "It is the Emperor!" I got on a stone bench and looked over my mother's shoulder. It was indeed Napoleon; seated in the same corner in the same uniform, his head upon his breast as before. Perhaps it was bent a little lower; but there was not a line in his countenance, not an altered feature, to mark what were the feelings of the great gambler, who had just failed and lost the world. Jerome and Letort were not with him now to bow and smile in his place. Jerome was gathering together the remnants of the army—Letort had been cut in two by a cannon ball. Napoleon lifted his head slowly, looked round as if rousing from a dream, and then, with his brief sword raised, "What place is this?" he said. Villers-Coteret, sire. "How many leagues from Soissons?" Six, sire. "From Paris?" "Nineteen." "Tell the post-boy to go quick;" and he once more flung himself back into the corner of his carriage. The horses carried him away as it they had wings. The world knows what had taken place between these two apparitions of Napoleon.

SOME IMPUDENT FELLOW—WE DON'T KNOW WHO—THUS DISCOURSES ABOUT THE GIRLS.

THE GIRLS.—They think of Hymen, and they can't help sighing. When their Lover forsakes them, they can't help crying. They sit at the window, and can't help spying. To get each a beau, they can't help trying. At the mirror they can't help twisting and turning and lacing, and tying. They screw up their consorts, bring on the consumption, and can't help dying.

DOUBTING WHIGS.

For two years past it has been almost impossible to persuade a portion of the whigs that the election of Henry Clay to the Presidency was among the events that could happen. We have often had our patience tried by those who replied with a sigh, and a lugubrious, desponding look, to whatever we had to say in regard to our future prospects, that we were always so sanguine—that they wished they could believe our encouraging accounts from various quarters, but the Whigs were always confident of success, though always defeated. "We would do anything to elect Henry Clay," was their uniform language, "but we fear we shall never see him President; there is no such good luck in store for the country." Such was the desponding language held by our disbelieving wings up to the time of the receipt of the cheering news from Tennessee. This dispelled some of their fears. Georgia followed in the footsteps of her gallant predecessor, and they began to rub their eyes and wake up from a trance. The bugle-blast from Maryland struck their ears and they looked bewildered astonishment, as if they doubted their own senses. Pennsylvania and Ohio came next, and spoke trumpet-tongued in denunciation of "the spoiler," and in favor of HENRY CLAY and a PROTECTIVE TARIFF. Baltimore next wheeled nobly and proudly into the Whig line and proclaimed her determination to support the men and the measures which had given prosperity to the country, and especially the great and consistent champion of those measures—"Harry of the West;" and at once the spoiler became pale and troubled, as did Belshazzar when he saw the hand-writing on the wall. They read their doom; and for once, the disbelieving wings, unable longer to resist conviction, threw their doubts to the winds. Thank parties we no longer hear them say, "we wish we could elect Mr. Clay, sir."—There are no "buts" about it now; the thing is admitted, even by many of our opponents, to be as certain as any thing can be which depends upon the uncertainties of human life.—Philad. Forum.

A CURIOSITY—LETTER FROM OREGON.

The Bloomington (Iowa) Herald says that the following extracts are from a letter written by Wm. T. Perry, formerly of that place, to Messrs. Collier & Shirley. It is dated—

OREGON CITY, March 20, 1843.

I arrived at the settlement in Oregon on 5th September, where I have remained ever since, at work at my trade, (carpenter), as I have been employed to, after spending all I had to get over here.

Well, being now worth more than when I left Iowa. We have not been sick since we left the States. Hannah Abel was married in two weeks after we arrived here—she has done well. [Quick business that—great country that for unmarried gals.] Now, to the country, which is not as I expected to find it. It is rough and broken, and generally heavily timbered, principally with fir, yellow pine, cedar, hemlock, spruce, oak, ash, and maple. It is well watered, and about one tenth prairie, of excellent quality. The timbered land is also excellent for farming. In the streams is an abundance of fish, among which are the finest salmon in the world.

There is enough to live on in this country. The inhabitants are generally good farmers, raise large quantities of grain, and have from 40 to 100 head of cattle, 20 to 60 head of hogs, and horses without number. Clothing is cheaper here than in Iowa. There is nothing to be found in your stores, but what we have an abundance of, and at a cheaper rate, as they are brought here free of duty. Nothing will bear exportation from Iowa except good rifles. They are worth about \$50 in this country. Good cows will sell at from \$30 to \$50 per head.

Several of our company are dissatisfied with the country, and contemplate going to California this spring. For my part, I am well satisfied, and expect to end my days in Oregon. This place (Oregon City) is situated at the head of navigation, and at the foot of Williamut falls, one of the greatest water-powers in the world. It contains twelve dwelling-houses, three stores, one blacksmith's shop, one cooper's shop; two saw mills and one grist mill are in operation, and another of three runs of stones is to be erected this summer. Two churches and a number of dwellings are to be put up this summer. I get \$3 a day for my work, and tools furnished. Common labor is worth \$1.75 per day, without board. No ardent spirits in the country.

WM. T. PERRY.

WAR OF NAPOLEON.—The German historians, whose statistics are relied on with confidence, estimate that in the wars of Napoleon, which were carried on eleven years, from 1802 to 1812, five millions eight hundred thousand men perished, nearly more than half a million annually. This calculation does not include a great number of premature deaths, caused by accidents of war, by fight, despair, &c. The war with St. Domingo, from 1801 to 1808, is set down as having destroyed 60,000 French soldiers and sailors, and 100,000 inhabitants of the island. The maritime war with England, from 1802 to 1814, cost the lives of 200,000 men; the winter campaign of 1803-'4 destroyed 150,000 men; the campaigns in Germany and Poland, in 1806, swept away 300,000 men; the campaign of 1812 cost France and her allies 500,000 men, and Russia 300,000, besides 200,000 Poles, Germans, and French, who perished by famine or contagious diseases; and in the final campaign of 1813, 450,000 men perished.

SKETCHES AND ILLUSTRATIONS OF MEDICAL DELUSIONS—REVIVING THE DEAD.

Mantacchini, the famous charlatan of Paris, was a young man of a good family, and having in a few years squandered a large estate, and reduced himself to beggary, he felt that he must exercise his ingenuity or starve. In this state of mind he cast his eyes round the various devices which were from indigence, and are most favored by fortune. He soon perceived that charlatanism was that on which this blind benefactress lavished her favors with most pleasure, and in the greatest abundance. An adroit and luquacious domestic was the only remaining article of all his former grandeur; he dressed him up in a gold laced livery, mounted a splendid chariot, and started on the tour under the name, style, and title of the celebrated Dr. Mantacchini, who cures all diseases with a single touch or a simple look.

Not finding that he obtained as much practice as his daring genius anticipated, he determined to resort to still higher flights. He left Paris, and modestly announced himself at Lyons as "the celebrated Dr. Mantacchini, who gives the dead at will." To remove all doubt, he declared that in fifteen days he would go to the common churchyard, and restore to life its inhabitants, though buried for ten years. This declaration excited a general rumor and murmur against the doctor, who, not in the least concerned, applied to the magistrate, and requested that he might be put under guard to prevent his escape, until he should perform his undertaking. The proposition inspired the greatest confidence, and the whole city came to consult the clever empiric, and purchase his *baume de vie*. His consultations were most numerous, and he received large sums of money. At length the famous day approached, and the doctor's valet, fearing for his shoulders began to manifest signs of uneasiness. "You know nothing of mankind," said the quick to his servant, "be quiet."

Scarcely had he spoken these words, when the following letter was presented to him from a rich citizen:—Sir the great operation you are going to perform has broken my rest. I have a wife buried for sometime, who was a fury, and I am unhappy enough already without her resurrection. In the name of Heaven do not make the experiment. I will give you fifty louis to keep your secret to yourself." In an instant after two dialing boxes arrived, who with the most earnest supplications entreated him not to raise their old father, formerly the greatest miser in the city, in such event, they would be reduced to the most deplorable indigence. They offered him a fee of fifty louis, but the doctor shook his head in doubtful compliance.

At length he relented, when a young widow, the wife of the quick, and with sobs and sighs, implored his mercy.

In short, from morn till night, the doctor received letters, visits, presents, and fees, to an excess, which absolutely overwhelmed him. The minds of the citizens were differently and violently agitated,—some by fear and others by curiosity, so that the chief magistrats of the city waited upon the doctor, and said: "Sir, I have not the least doubt, from my experience of your rare talents, that you will be able to accomplish the resurrection in our churchyard the day-after-to-morrow, according to your promise; but I pray you to observe that our city is in the utmost uproar and confusion; and to consider the dread to revolution the success of your experiment must produce in every family; I entreat you therefore, not to attempt it, but to go away, and thus restore the tranquility of the city. In justice, however, to your rare and divine talents, I shall give you an attestation, in due form, under our seal, that you can revive the dead, and that it was our own fault we were not eye-witnesses of your power. This certificate was duly signed and delivered, and Dr. Mantacchini left Lyons for other cities to work new miracles. In a short time he returned to Paris, loaded with gold, where he laughed at the popular credulity.—*Physic and Physician.*

THE CHARLESTON MERCURY, the leading Locofoco paper in the South, speaks thus of the causes which led to the overthrow of Locofocoism in 1840. Strong testimony coming from our opponents, and with such testimony from their own mouths, what chance have they of a restoration to power in 1841!

"One of these was the Florida war, which was beyond all doubt, during his whole administration, the most miserable farce ever enacted under the semblance of military operations. Another was the utter and most disastrous failure of the 'pet bank system,' of which he had the unfortunate reputation of being the contriver. Another was the enormous defalcations of public officers, which the administration seemed to have no means of finding out, till the rogues themselves were ready to divulge it to all the world by absconding with their booty. Then the troubles on the Canada frontier and at the north-west, for apparent lack of a little forecast and decision, had very nearly involved the whole country in a war with England under all the shame and disadvantage to us of having been the unprovoked aggressor. And while the necessity of a settlement with England was becoming more sternly pressing every day, Mr. Van Buren's Administration gave four years of incessant negotiation without advancing one step towards a result. While we ever sincerely sympathize with the difficulties by which Mr. Van Buren's Administration was surrounded, it was impossible not to see that there was something more than party abuse in charges brought against him on these several accounts; a want of clear headed practical energy; a shrinking from responsibility; a weak watching for popularity; an entire ignorance of that plain fact in popular history,

LAMBS.—No animal is more essentially benefited by a liberal supply of water than the sheep.

When near their yards, they resort to it as frequently, and to appearance, partake of it as greedily as the cow or ox. There are but few animals that will do better upon the expense of extra care and keeping during winter, than the sheep. Roots of all kinds, particularly turnips, are highly beneficial, not only by obviating the bad consequences frequently resulting from confinement, during a long period, to dry and unsucculent keep, but also by promoting a bountiful supply of milk while nursing their lambs.

Apples also are an excellent feed for sheep. If taken into the cellar as soon as the weather becomes sufficiently severe to threaten them with frost, and kept during the winter in some place where not too much exposed to cold and moisture, they may be fed, occasionally, to sheep, and especially to those with young, to excellent advantage. The best mutton we ever ate was fattened on sweet apples, and the handsomest flock of sheep we ever had the pleasure of beholding (10 in number) were kept wholly, as we were informed, on apples. The pen in which they were incarcerated was located at a considerable distance from the water, but this was no disadvantage, it seemed, as the regular supply of succulent food, obviated the possibility of their experiencing the slightest inconvenience from the attacks of thirst. This, certainly, is preferable to making the fruit into cider.—*Maine Cultivator.*

CHURNING BUTTER.—Every good housewife knows that at the times, for some peculiar causes, most generally extra seasons or bitterness of the cream, much difficulty is experienced in making the cream into butter. A lady writer in the Indiana Farmer, recommends the following course in such cases: We have for years used soda, or saleratus for the same purpose, and found them usually successful:

"I wish to inform my sister butter-makers of the means I used which so successfully removed the difficulty. I churned perhaps three hours, to no purpose, and then tried to think of something that I had read in the Indiana Farmer or some other periodical. I could not remember precisely, but I recollected the reason stated, was the cream being too sour. I then thought of soda, (pearlash I presumed would do as well), and dissolved a large tea-spoonful in a pint of warm water, and as I poured it in, churning at the same time, it changed in a moment, and gradually formed into a beautiful solid lump of sweet butter."

NEW LAW LIBRARY.

are every day throwing up new questions, and sweetening it as they shorten, we find that the labyrinth of the law is about to be straitened. They are a beginning to manage it, like astronomy, &c. for children, primer fashion, so that the little legs can get up it, ladder wise, by the aid of question and answer. It is that successor of Lord Brougham, the illustrious jurist and civilizer Punch, who has set on foot this great work. We give a few extracts:

- Q. What is a *feme sole*?
- A. Don't know, but think it may be a mermaid.
- Q. What are appurtenances?
- A. Trimmings to a leg of mutton.
- Q. What is summary process?
- A. Bathing and eating ices.
- Q. What is a rejoinder?
- A. It is when any body asks you "If your mother has sold her wash-tub?" and you reply, "Yes, and bought a guitar."
- Q. What is understood by the term mystery?
- A. That Lord Brougham should ever have been Chancellor.
- Q. What is a maxima in law?
- A. "Do, and don't be done."
- Q. What are first fruits?
- A. Rhubarb and little green gooseberries.
- Q. How are seamen impressed?
- A. By the cat-o-nine-tails, or one of Father Mathew's sermons.
- Q. When must you commence a fresh suit?
- A. When the old has grown too ventilating or sooty.
- Q. What is a release?
- A. To exchange the company of your equally ant for that of your pretty cousin.
- Q. What is a clerical error?
- A. Preaching a three-hours sermon.

that daring and determination are the safest elements of popularity, and that the people demand of their chief that he should lead, not follow them."

Mr. Van Buren's conduct on the subject of the "standing army humbug," when he neither would discharge its author, the Secretary of War, nor yet endorse his plan, the Mercury denounces as "a predicament in which his wants of high determination involved him." The editor says "his friends considered it weakness, and his enemies deemed it dishonesty."

Zeke was too lazy to make crops, so every thing went to rack and ruin. Zeke's wife was a right smart 'oman; so she told him one day, he'd got to go to work. "Can't you plow?" says she. "Don't know how," says Zeke. "Well, I'll show you;" so she geared the boss, put him in the plow herself, and took Zeke and led him to it, and put his hands on the plow handle; and do think, it the lazy critter didn't stand there without stirring an inch, till the calves cut off all his coat tail off!

A dull clergyman said to the boys in the gallery, "Don't make so much noise, or you will wake your parents below!"